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MR. BRYAN.

E SEE little call for the nation to say or think hard things about Mr. Bryan. For a long time past it has been perfectly plain that the real Secretary of State was in the White House. Nobody has been under any illusion that state messages which went forth over Mr. Bryan's signature were his or even had his full approval. Nor, it must be confessed, has anybody

Great events have piled upon the State Department problems with which neither Mr. Bryan's training nor his natural cast of mind fit him to grapple. A broader intellect, a surer judgment, a prounder spirit, a better master of the language nations must speak, hes fortunately proved equal to the added burden. And how notarally the country has taken it that, in the face of one of the gravest national situations in our history, the Chief Executive should me complete control.

Instead of dwelling upon Mr. Bryan's deficiencies, therefore, the notion should rather congratulate itself and him that his personal feelings have not more seriously hampered the Administration, and that, when the situation became impossibly tense, he had the good once to relieve it and leave the President a free hand.

PROFIT NOT YET GENERAL.

AS the general export trade of this country profited by

Figures given by the Department of Commerce for the ten-months ending in April show that the answer must be No. The fact is, "exports of manufactures of all kinds, other than foodstuffs, have been less than in the similar period before the war."

"The normal sales of manufactures during peace," declares the statement. "were greater than those under existing war conditions. The net increase in our total exports has been wholly in foodstuffs."

Another significant fact: While Burope, since the beginning of the war, has taken more American goods, other parts of the world have taken distinctly fewer. Compared with the corresponding ten months before the war

North American nations took of United States products \$55,000,000 less; South American mations, \$22,000,000 less; Asiatio nations, \$8,500,000 less; African countries, \$900,000 less, and Oceania countries \$9,200,000 less.

All of which goes to show that in the shift of trade if we have despened some channels we have lost others. For example, the war has greatly disturbed money and credit in South America-to our Valuable markets where demand for our goods should be established and increasing have been greatly narrowed. In the long run these are more important to us than the hectic needs of nations at war whose chief call is limited to food and war supplies.

Before this nation can derive solid advantage from changing trade currents due to the war there must be recovery and re-recovery of money and markets. Not until then will benefits be distributed to the permanent profit of American producers in general.

THE EDEN MUSEE.

HE closing of the Eden Musee marks the passing of another of New York's outworn amusements.

The famous old hall of wax works is bankrupt and so a man who were those bushy whisk- ing, who wears a beard, his wife car little demand is there for its once heralded figures and groups that ere that was any good." they will probably be melted and sold for floor wax.

Fow New Yorkers have not pleasant memories of the old place As children they lingered with delight near the deceptive wax policeman and the lady tying her shoe on the stairs. The Chamber of Horrors was always adding new and fascinating shudders. One circled freely among royalty and statesmen. For years visitors from out of town were never allowed to miss the Aquarium and the Eden Musee.

Five million people are said to have seen the latter. On the famous Dewey Sunday, in 1898, 10,000 viewed the wonders. But of late years few have strayed through its turnstiles. Twenty-third Street became a desert. Halving the admission charge proved of no avail. No up-to-date child with a nickel for the movies can be persuaded that wax works are worth a quarter.

The Eden Musee must go. Yet it was opened only thirty-odd years ago. So rapidly does the city outgrow its diversions.

Hits From Sharp Wits

by persons who always say just what they think.—Albany Journal.

Much unnecessary trouble is made

A woman can never be the equal o man so long as she insists on look

Never tell a man you have a cold ing at hernelf in one of these little it only gives him an opportunity to offer a cure. Safety first.—Toledo is ou straight while running to catch a car that is just starting off.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is no reflection on a man who changes his mind when attered conditions make it advisable.—Piftsburgh and he wouldn't take any?"

Letters From the People

I read an article in The Evening World from Mr. Franklin Brooks addressing the State Convention of Weights and Measures Commissioners. It made me think of my own experience with the Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures within the past three months. My two complaints which I put up to the Bureau resulted in nothing. I hope you will do all in your power to prevent such an awful thing as a few hundred inspectors of this kind for New York City. It will simply add a few more millions to our already heavy taxes which we are paying to-day. If the New York and Brooklyn offices have twenty-one inspectors, and each inspector will drum up only one violation a day (which they can easily do).

making twenty-one violations a day in all, and in 300 days 6,200 violations, this is enough. Kindly ask the Bureau of Weights and Measures how many violations they have had within the past few years. I think it would be a very interesting think it would get its own scales at home, which can be purchased from twenty-five cents to one dollar each, we would not need any weights and measures inspectors whatsoever, and the city would save a whole lot of money.

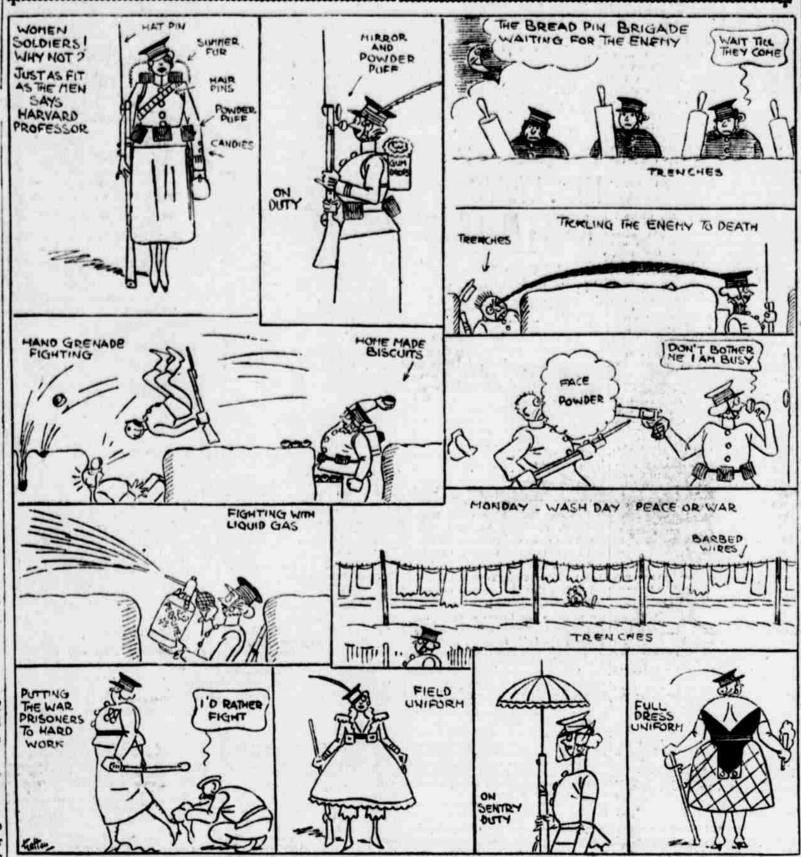
New York, May 20.

Adopted July 4: Signed Later. to the Editor of The Brening World:

Was the Declaration of Independence signed on July 4, 1776, or was it merely adopted on that day?

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

a grin.

"Well, she has Mr. Bushface lashed

Reflections of

and she is very bitter about it."

TOW that's what I call an ideal how she klases him?" couple!" said Mrs. Jarr enthusiastically, as Mr. and affection for him to do with his Mrs. Tushington departed after a for- for ner dissipations?" "What do you think of "Oh, well, you can never mal call.

say!" snorted Mr. Jarr, "and as for drink or smoke if she doesn't watch

"You mustn't talk like that," said she finds he has been smoking she Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Tushington is fa- knows he has been drinking." mous for her labors in behalf of temperance; she is the head of the anti- to the mast, then," said Mr. Jarr, with cigarette crusade, and has had her name in the papers time and time again for her work to prevent the restablishment of the canteen in the

army, or drink in the officers' mass. "Did she ever drink or smoke? asked Mr. Jarr. "Certainly not!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Did her husband?" asked Mr. Jarr. "He may have," said Mrs. Jarr. "That's why she makes him wear a

"That's a new one on me," said Mr. Jarr. "What has a beard to do with the gay life?"

"I do not know that I should speak about it," said Mrs. Jarr. "But as she tells averybody in confidence I may as well. Her husband used to be

a wretch! "He's one yet, if I ever saw one, said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, no, he's different now, since she makes him wear a full beard," said Mrs. Jarr. "He actually used to In pitying the man who has to eat drink and smoke before that time; alone the sympathetic individual is has done so since, but she can tell it not wasting his efforts. looked at him when I served coffee

> "I didn't pay any attention to it," said Mr. Jarr. "But what of it?" "Woll," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Tusbington believes that a fondness for coffee betokens a fondaces for stimulants.

"Because?" asked Mr. Jarr. dacity to attempt to kiss her against her will-and then to lack the enter-"Well, because when he craves for coffee it is a sign that he wagts to smoke, and when he wants to smoke it means be is succumbing to the temptation to drink again. She told me all about it," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Was he a hard drinker?" asked "No. I do not believe he was, but he seemed to enjoy it, and so Mrs Tushington made him give up both coffee and cigars; but he deceived crown of patience, and the man who waits any longer should have a cap

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Jarr

Mr. Jarr Discovers That Whiskers Are a New Form of Crime Detector

"She isn't sure it's a cold," said | Mrs. Jarr. "She thinks he's only pretending he has a cold, and he is constantly taking medicine with mentho in it, and when he does that she can't tell if he has been smoking. All met "Missed that, too, but what has her are deceitful!"

"What do the women marry them for, then?" inquired Mr. Jarr. "And when they do, why don't they let them man," said Mrs. Jarr. "And the great "And drink if they want to, and stay out night after night if they

want to?" asked Mrs. Jarr bitterly. "But I'm on the water wagon," said Mr. Jarr, "and if that's the way you feel about it I'll wear whiskers, too and look like Mr. Tushington." "Oh. you needn't do that!" oried Mrs

Jarr quickly. "I like you smooth

"whiskers as a crime detector is a "A man can't help having a cold, new one on me. But, then, so to and why should she be bitter?" asked menthol. You can't keep a squirrel on the ground."

A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Contright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Breading World

IN the love game a girl can distinguish between a sentimental "connois

seur" and a mere "collector" by the way in which a man kisses her the

No matter how much a wife may like to see her husband well groomed

A man's mind works so automatically that sometimes he will kise one

Nothing makes a girl more indignant than for a man to have the au

When a man begins vowing that your beauty has "intoxicated" him

The man who succeeds in kineing a girl at the first opportunity should

have a wreath of bays; the man who walts for the second should have a

ill usually observe that it is after his fourth glass of champagne.

long time finding a demand for them at wholesale.

There are times when a man is so placed that it

oman merely because he happens to be thinking tenderly of another

nehow it always gives her a cold shock when he comes home with a

"Nothing, only there are some queen people in the world," replied Mr. Jarr

Warologues By Alma Woodward Coporisit, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co

A Culinary Battle. Mrs. B.'s apartment.

MRS. C. (calmly)—My husband mays that he thinks it will all quiet down and-

Mrs. D. (interrupting)-My husband mys that he thinks any way you look at it it looks bad.

Mrs. A. (putting in her little ear)-My husband says you have to be calm and scientific about this thingings run away with you. That's what he thinks. Mrs. B. (quietly)-Why, say, it

President Wilson knew your husbands' addresses Mr. Bryan would be on his way to Lincoln, Neb., by now! Mrs. C. (offended)-Now, there's no use in getting nasty over it, Carrie. We're merely stating opinions. It stands to reason that our husbands, the conditions than we do.

Mrs. D. (recanting a bit)-Well, can't find it in my heart to be real sore at the Germans, because the best cook i ever land was German. The cheese cake she used to make! And her potato mind!—why, we used to have eix and eight to tea every Baturday night just on account of her potato salad.

Mrs. A. (slightly bored)—My dear, that I become a grown person for the content of the co

night just on account of her potato salad.

Mrs. A. (slightly bored)—My dear, how can you rave so over German cooking? Ah, no, the French cuisine for me! The delicate souffles, the plousnt consistence of the tragedy if the Garwhy, think of the tragedy if the Garwh and to eat gedempte rinderbrust mit noedles at the Cafe de Paris!

Mrs. B. (giving her testimonial)—I

ing all at one time. Every night that we've dined at a French restaurant George has had to stop at the drug store on the corner and get me a bottle of soda minis. The English cooking is wholesome—lots of roasts and muddings. Mrs. C. (mildly)-No one's said a

Mrs. C. (mildly)—No one's said a thing about American cooking. Chorus (promptly)—American cooking. The C. (gasping)—Why, that's not being neutral.

Mrs. D. (peeved)—You don't have to be neutral with your stomach just because you are with your head. American cooking, such as you get at up. State hotels and the average boarding house, has no pep at all. Everything tastes like it was a boiled dinner whether it is or not.

Maid (appearing in doorway)—Madene, tea is served.

Editorials by Women

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

R. RICHARD C. CABOT, professor at Harvard University and author of a volume of peaceful platitudes, has just annou that women are temperamentally and physically unfit for the general practice of medicine.

Aside from the questionable taste of Dr. Cabot's remarks at the graduating exercises of the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, is his contention true?

Father Knickerbocker does not think so. A year ago the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island, owned and operated by the city, accepted as internes three graduates of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women. Two more women, making five in all, have just been called from the college to the Metropolitan staff, so successful has the experiment proved.

Women are making good in medicine. Their handicap is neither temperamental nor physical, but lies in the prejudices of such men as Dr. Cabot. Yet it is no new and strange thing for a woman to be a doctor. In the Middle Ages the healing art was largely in the hands of women. Ladies tended their wounded knights; the inmates of the nunnery were on occasion both physicians and nurses.

Man has always admitted-nay, insisted-that woman is the natural aid and helper in suffering. "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou," wrote that dear old arch-romanticist, Sir Walter Scott. Is it because, deep down in his heart, a man hetes to think of a woman as a ministering angel to anybody but himself that he is prejudiced against her as a physician?

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 11—THRAWN JANET; by Robert Louis Stevenson

HE Rev. Murdoch Soulis was minister of the Balweary parish is the vale of Dule. He was a dour, ghastly faced old man, grim and ferbidding, and on wild nights people passing by his manes could hear his voice lifted in an agony of prayer to the Most Righ. Once he had been like other folks, but that was before he had looked upon the Devil. Murdoch Soulis was a callow young theolog just out of the cominary

when first he came to preach at Balweary, and he hired for housekeeper old Janet M'Clour. Now Janet had a right unsavory record. Her youth had been dissolute and her later years eccentric. People said she was a wisch. Not that that had bothered any one overmuch, until she came to work for

But at news that she had been hired at the manse the other wor of the parish banded together and proceeded to drown her as a witch. In the midst of the plous lynching the minister happened by and he rescued

her. He took her home, more dead than alive. From that hour Janet was never the same woman. Her limbs shook: her voice was changed: her face was oddly twisted; her neck was "thrawn,"

gave her the nickname of "Thrawn Janet." ister said the shock had affected her brain and had Lynching. brought on an attack of palsy. But the wise folk of the parish whispered that she had actually been

drowned and that her master, the devil, now occupied her body. Be the One gaspingly hot day, during a long drought, Murdock Soulis walked to disused burying ground to ponder on his next Sunday's sermon. There he saw a man—coal black and gigantic—sitting on a grave. He accepted the queer-looking giant. But the black man, instead of replying leaped

to his feet and ran down the road toward the manse. The mini lowed. At the very gate of the manse he lost sight of the fugitive. Murdoch entered the bouse and asked Janet if she had seen the black man. She stammered that she had not. Late that night the minister heard sounds as of a fearful combat in Janet's room. He rushed in. There was no sign of a struggle. There was no sign of Janet. Her she had put them. But she herself was nowhere in eight.

Then the minister's eye fell on something behind a cupbeard in one corner. It was Janet's body, full dressed, hanging from a thin cord fixed to landing he turned. For he had heard steps in the room. The locked doo

was awinging open. And down the stairs he heard footsteps following him. He halted, paralysed by fright, on the threshold of the manse. And down the stairs and across

Thrawn Janet. her face weirdly distorted. And as she reached forward for him the hall candle flickered and went out, leaving Murdoch in pitch darkness with the

apparition. Summoning all his will power the minister called aloud: and scientific about this thing— "Witch, Beldame, Devil! I charge you, by the power of God, begone there's no use in letting your feel- if you be dead, to the grave. If you be damned, to hell!" As he shouted the exorcism the long spell of hot drought that had

parched the whole region for weeks broke in a terrific thunder storm.

A blinding lightning bolt struck the manse threshold just in front of the spot where Murdoch Soulis was standing—just where the apparition had stood. And on the threshold lay a little heap of white ashes—all that remained of Thrawn Janet. At the same hear The Demon.

villagers maw the black man speeding away from the parish, out into the Murdoch Soulis lay for weeks raving in a delirium of brain fever. When stands to reason that our husbands, he recovered he was an old and silent man, much given to wrestling of being men, should know more about spirit in prayer, as befitted a mortal who had so barely escaped from the

Talks With My Parents. By a Child.

Mrs. B. (giving her testimonial)—I upon some one, for I am getting.

Mrs. B. (giving her testimonial)—I upon some one, for I am getting my adsimply can't eat a lot of French cookters from grown-ups asking my adsimply can't eat a lot of French cookters from grown-ups asking my ad-

njoy it. I can't think why it is that mother

We're going to have a bit of caviar

My eyes are very sensitive and I think they have a great deal to do with my disposition, for do I not dry and my eyes water when I am hurt?

and my eyes water when I am hurt? Surely.

I do not mean to say that my eyes are weak, for they are not, but I want to keep them well. Mother does not mean to neglect my eyes, she is mersly thoughtless. It would only take a little care to protect my eyes. There is always a howl when the least thing happens to them—when I catch cold in them or get something in them. But I think the sun shining in them in the morning is worse than getting

But I think the sun shining in them in the morning is worse than getting dust or diri in them.

How important my eyes are is shown by the fact that I rub them when I am tired. Yes, and one day I rubbed soap in my eyes and mother sent for the doctor. I am sorry I haven't time to tell about it, for my hour is up and I must go back to being a child once more.